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THE

CHAPTERS:

BY

NAUTICUS.

VOL. I.

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M DCC LXXVII.

THE
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHANCELLER
OF THE EXCHEQUER

ANDREW

M. Lord

I have the honour to put this in the
hands of your Lordship
with distinguished name

All men have Lordship. Few have many
virtues. And was I to enter panegyrically
upon your Lordship, great talents in
your book would become a great one.

Your Lordship (like every man who
is a dignified and important trust) has
learned and made for this principal
feature.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF

SANDWICH.

MY LORD,

I Have presumed to put this little book
under the sanction of your Lord-
ship's distinguished name.

All men have foibles—*few* have many
virtues : and, was I to enter panegyrically
upon your Lordship's great talents, my
little book would become a *great* one.

Your Lordship (like every man who
fills a dignified and important trust) has
enemies and friends ; for this principal
reason,

reason, It is impossible to please every
body.

That your Lordship may ever act, so
as true and conscious happiness shall be
the result, is the sincere wish of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant

NAUTICUS.

P R E F A C E.

*Reviewers may kiss my A ———
Breech.*



C H A P. I.

HE said (and was in a passion) I can sustain my conduct with the most justifiable examples—damn my body, sin, (looking at a picture) Do not the various arrangements of animals prey upon one another? the most powerful upon the less powerful; and the more powerful upon the powerful; that is—the second is to the first as the fourth is to the third: and this is a fact so glaring resistible as to bid defiance to all argument. Nature prompts them, and instinct conducts their operations. But in acts of rapacity, (said he;

he, self-reflecting) there is a wide difference between animals and men--(I'll--speak--philo--sophical too—damme)—because, the latter acquit themselves with elegance and grace, being aided with rational powers, and principled with the arts of social life, which dignify human nature, and render us sometimes, as to our pursuits, notoriously obscure to one another. I glory in the name they have given me!—'tis a fashionable epithet, and becomes the man in power, whose every action is garnished with polite dissimulation and the pleasing manners of a court. This man will bring in a bill under the mask of national welfare, when (O blind mortals!) its real tendency is to enrich individuals. By his oratorical powers and figurative abilities the bill passes with applause and many a dash of flaming panegyric. Behold, (says the deluded multitude) behold a man—a patriot—a patriot, damme—beyond corruption and injustice—How happy the monarch

monarch with such a counsellor—and how happy the people with such a guardian of their rights and privileges! In a polite age, such a man acquires much more temporary fame than if he adopted the common beaten vulgar tract of honesty—Who would not be such a man! If his honour is attacked—he gives the hint to some able pen, who proves with fiction hyperbolical, our hero's character pure as virgin emblems, as homogenous as the morning dew distilling from some salutary herb. In short, it must imply great want of ability when a man in power does not acquire wealth. It is authorised by custom, and fashion makes it honourable; and if I have accumulated more than predecessors, behold (they will say) a man of strong powers and keen parts—he has not only gained the veneration of the public, but has amassed an immense fortune to himself, his heirs and their successors, with immaculate honour, or — hem!

CHAP. II.

On going to Church.

IT is a duty which Christians ought to perform in a strict manner. There we meet to pay the tribute of gratitude and reverence by solemn prayer and sacred devotion to the divinity, our creator. There, grand enthusiasm reigns and expands the heart of man: and I do not know that in any other case a mortal can be conscious of nobler and more exalted feelings. It is the celestial state of harmony, and of all that is pleasing—Inasmuch I cannot express myself. But few, I am sorry to say it, are affected in this manner; for the multitude goes to church chiefly to see and to be seen; to look and to be looked at; to stare and to be stared at; (*id est*) that is, to exercise the functions of vision, and the senses of vanity and lust. Such creatures are much to be pitied.

tied. They are generally men (or women) of exceeding narrow and weak parts—I mean they are fools who have no idea beyond mortality; and who just differ from the brutes by being of a different figure, and because they are endued with speech—to their misfortune.

There are some who do not go to church; and such as I here allude to are men of genius, of understanding, of virtue, of morality, and of all that is good and amiable. It is not because such men dislike to assemble in the house of God, that they do not go thither—on the contrary, they approve of it much, and inculcate the advantage arising from an attendance on divine worship to all such as they conceive to be immoral and vicious; for to be immoral and vicious, is surely to be ignorant and contemptible indeed.

On this subject (I mean on what was last said) I must give some caution. A
great

great many vain and conceited *Ideots*, who do not go to church, will here self-say— Oh—~~he~~ means such as me : Now, I do not ; for I call you an ass and a scandal to Christianity and to the human race. The class of men pointed at, is composed of such as have at once a well founded conception of all the works of their omnipotent creator, speculatively skilled in all the objects of the universe, as far as the scientific principles of men have yet extended. Such truly great men have no reason to go to church for information ; because they already know much more than most worthy clergymen can possibly advance, and will benefit more by five minutes private devotion and contemplation, than five thousand of the multitude would by being in church fifty years.

Here, recollect what I have said of the multitude ; because, if you do not, you may

may readily say I am an impious fellow
—which God forbid I ever should be!

I must now touch a little on high life.
—— In high life (incredible!) there are
many who prostitute the Sabbath day to
the most unworthy deeds. I shall men-
tion cards particularly. The motives to
this are,

1. Because *they* (who play) are so noto-
riously ignorant and stupid and knuffish,
as not to be able to entertain one another
with rational conversation.

2. Because it is *fashionable*, which is of
all reasons that which possesses the great-
est degree of levity—and here it may be
asked, how can any thing possess non-en-
tity?—to proceed.

3. To gain money.

This gaming-vice on the Sabbath day,
is now diffused among the lower classes;
which I hope will serve as a reason for the
higher to leave it off. It would appear
that

that elevated life has the honour of the invention of such fashionable iniquity: and it may be said, that humble state has the merit of improving—*which*, by the bye requires, it is said, the aid of the nobler faculties.

Tête à tête also is greatly prevalent: and I would speak much in favor of it if it was not too often attended with *ventre au ventre*—*which* considered merely as a passion of contact, is illiberal and filthy, and consequently not to be recommended. Simple *tête à tête* is sociable and laudable; but, *ventre au ventre*—— O my stars!—for the consequence may be terrible.

Yet, I allow it to be a pleasing passion, and one which is not easily surmounted: when we reflect in a rational manner upon the indulging of it, we find great reason to be upon our guard.

First consequence is an unlawful likeness

ness of one's-self, which is commonly followed by distressing shame and stigma of character never to be forgot—and the saying is—there goes such a lady—oh—we know her—she had *so and so with so and so*.

Second is still more dreadful—such as horrid malady; for man is not to be trusted—neither is a woman—and I am sorry for it.

Third, abstracted from *malady*, a constant indulgence reduces even the gigantic to the form and quality of a spectre, and he becomes nauseous to society and obnoxious to the light.

Lastly, Nocturnal intrigues with even your 20, 30, or 50—guinea—*touches* are unavoidably attended with utter annihilation as to all the happiness of the mortal state:—which is the cause why among our betters (*vulgus dicitur*) we see so many ghastly figures—*who* by no means

should be allowed the liberty to *attempt* to produce their like; because (it's a fact) the production (if any) would be a *Lusus Naturæ*.

C H A P. III.

On Sea Captains.

THE Company being excepted,—
a Captain in the Sea service who commands a Man of War has great power. He is absolute, and consequently can do what he pleases on board. No one has *authority* to say—Sir, you shall not do so.—For, it is inculcated to every body to obey all *lawful* commands without having previously methodized *them* in their nature and effects. Is not this flagrantly inconsistent? Is it agreeable to the spirit of liberty and that rational freedom which has immortalized the authors of the British constitution? If indeed, every person who is promoted to the office

fice of Captain was thereupon inspired with judgment, justice and manly honour and all the other characteristicks of a worthy man, such a system of subordination would then be in every sense consistent with the military life; but as (in respect to Captains as well as in regard to all other divisions of mortals) there are perhaps as many fools among them as there are *wise* men—*men* whom the world esteem! I must give it as my humble opinion it would be highly just to cancel any universal rule of subordination to the will and caprice of any set of men whatever: because further, if it remains as it is, Voltaire may, with almost as much propriety write a treatise against it as he has nobly done against persecution and non-toleration--Do as I order you (says a captain) or damn me Sir! I'll confine, suspend, or flog you! This is language which occurs in the navy. If the person this is

ad-

addressed to—(officer or not) is pusillanimous, has no friends—no fortune, no resource—he passively obeys—But, when on the contrary, he is a man of *honour*, of ability and fortune—No Sir; and nobly stands the consequence.

The misfortune is, most captains think (from that self vanity in every man) they cannot give an unlawful nor an unreasonable command—whereas I have known in my small time five hundred not only derogatory to mankind but disgraceful to his majesty's service.

Let us attend for a moment to the dictates of reason. If every man throughout life acts in his station with equal merit reciprocally, is not every individual equally valuable in the eyes of the omnipotent creator? and will not every reasonable man acquiesce in it?—hence a poor and honest mechanic has as great a right to the privileges of man as him in the high-

highest department ; and the former is as much authoris'd by nature and reason to tyrannize over the latter, as the latter is to tyrannize over the former. Whence then the concealed oppression and tyranny in the royal navy : is it authoris'd by the legislature—or does it only originate in the breasts of petty tyrants having power? — rough, uncivilized monsters, more savage far than those who inhabit the howling tracts of Africa! Such are but few—and may they no longer disgrace and contaminate humanity.

A circumstance happy for the service *in this respect*, has lately taken place, and which I hope will encrease—I mean the introduction of men of rank and fortune into it, whose actions it is to be hoped (and not doubted) will be noble and liberal as their birth and education. Not that I would infer that honest merit should be neglected—far be it from

me——low life has been productive of most shining characters——characters which have gloriously acquired nobility and transmitted honour to their latest posterity. And truly, Shakespear's position is not to be contradicted: "Kings are from beggars, and beggars from kings." It is not rank, but innate quality which is worthy of esteem and respect: unfortunately those two things are seldom blended in sufficient proportion.

That captains are invested with too much power in matters that do not at all concern the welfare of the nation, (and to which I particularly point) is as notorious as a *late* illiberal monopoly of spruce beer is disadvantageous to the pursers at Newfoundland: Therefore, for the honour of future captains, and for the universal glory of his majesty, and the advantage of all his subjects, it is to be hoped some method will be adopted, to prevent gentlemen

tlemen in the inferior stations from being
 used in an ungentlemanlike manner by
 their commanders, &c. while in actual
 service. On shore, and out of commissi-
 on the scene is greatly changed : Then
 self interest and personal security dictate.
 We are now upon a footing as gentlemen,
 and he who is so very imprudent and
green as to give an insult, must answer its
 consequences according to the private
damu'd foolish opinion of honour, which
 ever will prevail in military life particu-
 ly. But on shore, or on board in com-
 mission, the man of real good breeding
 will never err. He is the gentleman, and
 will always act as such, even when he
 assumes the officer. This, however dif-
 ficult to attain, is a character to be en-
 vied—and happy the man who acquires
 it !

CH. A P. IV.

Some Thoughts on Mankind.

MAnkind, sacred writ saith, is created after the likeness of the creator. Now all this means, that the soul of man only bears some distant allegorical resemblance to the divinity. It can by no means refer to the mortal body, which is as much like God as an old stump of a tree is like a man. No! it means only the soul, because it is an immaterial being and immortal. A further enlargement would be unnecessary, as I conjecture all Christians know the sacred attributes of their maker. Such Christians (as well as Turks) who do not, will only perhaps make greater asses of themselves by reading this chapter.

Some metaphysical gentry will here object to my doctrine: they will tell me my comparison is not just, because, observe
they

they, the soul of man is not immortal from all eternity; and that created things must have an end. Some of these ideots say, it is mortal; which is terrible impiety. It is vain presumption on our part to make assertions on subjects our faculties are not capable to comprehend—only I conclude the paragraph, by swearing the soul is *immortal*; and that whether souls have existed from all eternity, or are created with the bodies they animate, is a matter of no consequence to them or me.

Having said enough of man with regard to his likeness, I go on to consider him in the light of a social being.

Man is a social being, because man likes society: and all beings which like society, are called social beings. This is a general position. It has exceptions. All men do not like society; consequent-

ly all men are not social beings. Some are fond of solitude and contemplation : Such are for the most part unsociable philosophers. The tendency of man is different—some are fond of courts ; some of the church ; some, of the army ; some, of the navy ; some, of the civil life,—as lawyers, physicians, quack-doctors, “ curers of the parts of shame”, players, sharpers, pawn-brokers, cobblers, taylorers, shoe-blacks, chimney sweepers, porters, *critics*, pimps, and a long list of other states and conditions no less honest and honourable,—all sociable. Notwithstanding all which, every man has an absolute and natural right of freewill to act as he shall think fit : provided always, and being hereby understood (having previously learnt certain maxims and *prejudices*) he does nothing injurious to his king and fellow-subjects. Man is also distinguished from
the

the beast by *reason*; and surely it would have been an unreasonable thought at the *beginning*, to suppose that man would do any thing inconsistent with his dignity as monarch of the brutes; and, &c.

Mankind again may be divided into,

1. The grave and wise :
2. The serious and learned:
3. The fullen and reserved :
4. The melancholly, with their opposites; viz.

1. The witty and facetious,
2. The sprightly and graceful,
3. The frisky and *je ne sçais quoi* delightful.
4. The stark niad.

Now, if these qualities were blended thus, it would be a good thing for society:

The grave and its conjunctive, with the witty and *its* conjunctive,

The

The serious with the sprightly,
 The sullen with the frisky,
 The melancholly with the stark mad:
 But if these dispositions or conditions of
 mind could be each furnished with a dis-
 tinct apartment in the brain or cerebel-
 lum, in such a manner as that the whole
 building might form a square about the
pinial gland, it would be still attended
 with greater utility: for, then empress
 Anima, as she sits in state on her throne
 in the said *pinial gland*, could cause each
 mental officer of state to be summoned
 forth according to the exigency of busi-
 ness: and we should then have method
 and simplicity in all public as well as pri-
 vate matters; whereas there is nothing,
 as things now are, but wild uproar and
 scurrilous riot, in consequence of these
 various fools, often meeting one another
 with jarring discord, and out o' the way
 abuse.

What

(11)
What I have said above will serve as a model for the arrangement of all the other qualities of the mind. — Such as the pedantic with the humble, the vicious with the virtuous, the miserly with the profligate, the spiteful and malicious with the mild and benignant: — the dastardly and brutally-courageous, the slovenly and spruce, the consequential, the fiddle-faddle, the diddle-dadle, the sh-tt-n and the cleanly, &c. and so on.

CHAP. V.

What happens too often.

IN the field of battle, a batallion of stout robust fellows met the enemy equal in number, but much inferior in point of individial strength and military discipline. The muskets of the former were Tower-made, bore the royal stamp, and well fitted for actual service, in what respects the

the

the business of the gun-smith. In a minute they were drawn up in battle-order ; and, *fire !* was the word.—One half went off—the enemy returned the compliment : It was like the explosion of a cannon—not one missed fire. In half an hour *over* brave robust fellows lay in heaps upon the field—the action finished—and the enemy of consequence gained the day with a very small loss —what can it mean ? said one of them—is it possible ? said another,—and all agreed, providence was their guide. However the more sagacious of the enemy took the matter into serious examination, — cognized circumstances and found that their antagonists instead of flints were furnished with nothing but grey-black filthy opaque-stones, which *disdained* in percussing polished steel, to exhibit the smallest sparkle of fulminating fire. And can it be ? O ye whom victory has

has

has crowned with glory, that in your navy and army, ye are no longer furnished with good flints ! I suppose they are made by contract : am I wrong ? or, has the flint degenerated with the times ?

O tems ! ô mœurs ! O barbarie !

CHAP. VI.

Soliloquium of an A———!

LET's see ! three young men—must make 'em by G——d !—they are giddy, thoughtless, effeminate; know but little of their profession——dam'n my b——d !—I mean the theory—(the practice they are not fitted for)—what a difference between youths now-a-days and my contemporaries ! the contrast puts me in mind of a lamb and a bear : but they have connections--and, besides, are strongly recommended—damn the world !—I
will

will make 'em! I'm d—d if I dont—Let
me see—three vessels I think (according
to my orders) must be immediately taken
into his majesty's service: (they may
guard the coast 'tis true—but—and
will be otherwise convenient)—damn it!
the world must not know all that passes—
(rings)—— *Enter Servant*——

Tell my S——y I want him. *Exit.*
'Tis no villany—neither, damn my b—d!
can it affect one's conscience.

Enter S——y

Sir!

A—l. O! Mr. —— you'll go and
look out for those three vessels—Brigs I
believe—or two brigs and one sloop—the
former of about one 100 tons each, and
the sloop of about—let's see—60—or-70
tons,—or, damn it—go—it makes little dif-
ference—you know—damme Sir! you
know —— I talked to you about such
matters

matters—a few days ago.—

S——y. O Sir, I—— remember
Sir—— I have look'd out accordingly
—— and have engaged *three*, which
I—— believe—— will do Sir; and, Sir, I have
got 'em pretty reasonable too—The two
brigs, Sir, I have bought for 300 l. each,
—and as for the sloop, Sir—dear me!
only paid 150 l.

A——? (rubbing his hands) Noble!
by Jove! now let's see—Sir, you'll make
out a set of bills, *you see me*, on the
g——t; for—let's see—*two* hundred for
the sloop you say, and three hundred each
I think for the brigs—well! let's see—a
set of exchange, all added together, you
know, makes just—let me see—two—and
two *three's* that's six—and two before—
that's—*let me see*,—800 l.—But, calling
the sloop 300 l.—and the brigs each—let
me see—the brigs—damn it! call it,
1000 l. for both—which I'm sure is less

E

than

than his majesty could have built 'em for :
 —in *all*, that's just 1300 l. for the whole
 —make out bills for the amount, and I'll
 sign 'em, damme !—you'll vouch—you
 know—two hundred in *your* purse—damn
 your eyes !—(*gives him a kick and exit.*)

CHAP. VII.

A few Thoughts, &c. on naval Aliments.

SAilors and foldiers, (marines) the greatest comforts they enjoy on board, arise from their being served with good and wholesome provisions. The plan for victualling his majesty's navy is certainly not to be particularly objected to; but, as in many other branches of theory, the *executive* part is by no means properly managed. Individuals *will* enrich themselves, and none are more prone to do so than *some* of your geniuses called contractors. The grand object is to make a fortune;

tune; and he who can soonest do it, is the cleverest fellow. The king, say they, who is able, pays for all; and why should we not do as others have done? Such an advantageous custom must not drop: and besides, what thanks does any one get for doing otherwise? If one is always studying to save this and to save that for government, as one calls it, why one is only laughed at by many—and hated by a greater number—He is a stingy son of a bitch, says one; and damn him, says another—he's troubled with scruples of conscience. Now—say they—what is to be done in this case?—why!—let us make fortunes as fast as we can—then leave off—retire—buy an estate—build a country seat—a coach—and—my boys, a *vis à vis*!—But miscreants, beware! The king, it is true, pays for all—he pays you liberally for what he thinks you honourably.

bly and justly deserve—yet, you fatten *yourselves* and starve the *noble* objects of his necessary royal benevolence, and brave honest tars and hardy veterans *languish* by your villainy.

Of the particulars I mean to point out, I know some will say——Why—how is it possible to help it? Things will be good at one time and bad at another, according to the circumstances of season, time and place. It was the very same, nay worse, many years ago, and no complaints were made——therefore, what business has any body to interfere in matters which do not immediately concern him? But as this is a very unjust and limited way of thinking, I hope no man of reason, and void of prejudice, will pay attention to it. It is almost as ridiculous as to advance, the patriots and philosophers of this and the last century have
been

been of no use to their country, nor to science. I am well aware that no navy is better (nor so well) supported as that of our own, yet there is ample room for amendment. In England all his majesty's ships are supplied with exceeding good provisions; nay—sailors there live in luxury—good fat fresh beef or mutton—tolerable pork—vegetables, and commonly new bread—the beer in general is drinkable—butter, cheese,—sometimes excellent; good suet—good flour—in short, good every thing—but, alas! abroad, the scene is dreadfully changed. In the Mediterranean, for instance, his majesty's servants are often badly off;—no butter, no cheese, but rancid caustic oil in lieu of both—the salt beef supplied there often partakes more of earth than animal nature—it is not putrified; but, it is almost petrified—and no more fit for digestion

digestion than a dried Scotch peat. The salt pork is also for the most part very old—it is gilded, we must acknowledge, —but not with *gold*——the yellow hue proclaimeth Time's ravage—and unsalubrious transmutation —— To be particular: All animal fat in a short time becomes rancid, particularly in hot climates; and we well know that all rancid oils and fat are extremely unhealthy, and not at all fitted for supplying the fatigues of life with a salutary and properly assimilated nourishment—they produce acrimony, or a caustic tendency in the blood, and if long persevered in, seldom fail in arresting life, and in pointing out the tract which leads to immortality. The lean part of such pork, if well boiled, is just like a piece of decocted logwood, which has undergone the operation of the hammer; and much less salutary as
nourishment

nourishment—the latter might act as an astringent, *useful* in all warm climates, but the former—surely as a poison.

Bread—if I can call such as I have seen, by the name, abounds in animation. It has indeed the mode of biscuit, but so full of insect tribes, you might properly call it the vehicle of insect generation—maggots, (bargemen, *vulgus dicentur*) weavles, scorpions in miniature, chrysalides of cockroaches, centapies, &c. &c. &c. and if you have the luck to find a whole biscuit and blow a pretty strong blast upon it, it will forthwith separate into atoms, and the insect inhabitants by their superior gravity, will descend in lines perpendicular to the horizon; for with regard to the biscuit all cohesion is utterly lost. Now if such biscuit is fit to be offered to a human creature—a Briton!—then reason is an ass.

In

In all warm climates antiseptics are greatly useful : subacid and astringent wines are particularly so. Each man in wine countries in his majesty's ships, is allowed one pint a day. This is a sufficient allowance—provided it was good :—for the most part it is, in its kind—viz. humble black-strap. Yet, I have seen this so thick and heterogeneous—that if a knife or other intersecting body was introduced in any manner, it would remain firmly wedged and supported. Again—I have seen it—so diluted and attenuated, that it might have been properly used to dictate the degrees of heat in the tube of a well graduated thermometer—provided it did not descend to the freezing point, nor mount to that of the vaporific.

But the best of wines will not answer without a wholesome solid nourishment—which sailors frequently in some places do not enjoy.

The raisins are often bad in kind—and as often in a state of fermentation; which operation, we well know, changes the nature of whatever it acts in.

The flour is sometimes musty, and consequently cannot be wholesome.—

There is suet to be sure—and I have known some which with a very small addition of an alkaline salt, would make as good a nostrum for the stone as any of that kind bragged by Mrs. Stephens, her heirs and successors.

At Gibraltar, there are bullocks from Barbary; from furlouns of which I have often made an exceeding good dinner; but many of those poor dumb animals are often kept so long without food, that they seem to have come from a resurrection instead of the fertile vale and fattening meadow. The solids and fluids of animals distressed by famine are disposed in

a greater degree than common, to putrefaction. The blood is alkalious and acrid—thence we may infer the muscular parts are unfit to be used as food. The reason is plain—they are starved—they have neither hay nor grain—and nature is supported merely by capillary attraction from the receptacles of fat—when these are exhausted the poor brutes *inhumanly* die.

The vinegar—that antidote against putrescence! is generally from red wine—and sometimes tolerably acid—For the most part it is good cobbler's punch—and I have known some, of which a pint—would not saturize a scruple of alkaline salt. But, indeed throughout life we frequently meet the shadow instead of the substance. Vinegar as being both a medicine and an article in diet, should absolutely be served out as deserving the

name;

name; if it does not, it is a great injustice done to the seaman—and consequently to his majesty; because the more subjects he loses by a want of good vinegar, the weaker becomes the state.

An able surgeon of one of his majesty's ships, had exhausted all his acet. distil. and other acids and was in great want of some vinegar at sea, to make saline draughts for the cure of a certain fever. Such a medicine as he meant then to give, was the most rational mode of cure: He bethought of the purser's vinegar: and behold when it was brought to him, he found it totally unfit for the purpose—it was—in short—nothing but a filthy fluid. Now—what a shame! Many men died. O! that justice should be sacrificed to private interest—in an age so famous particularly for the enlightenment of reason,

C H A P. VIII.

Considers poor Marines.

THE marines at quarters are supplied with fops, &c. by the—In such cases cent per cent, or two hundred per cent is—a mere nothing. The poor devils get in debt, and there cannot clear themselves while they remain: wherefore they are sent on board a man of war, for perhaps three years. When they return, all their wages is stopped to pay their debts—Great heavens! what a state of misery?—While abroad they cheer themselves with the pleasing thoughts of home—the time slips—and they think they will all be rich—10 l. is a fortune—and 50 s. of what they have dearly earned would pay all *lawful* debts—but the whole is consigned as a tribute to oppressive custom.

tom. I think I hear the creditor in such a case, reflecting thus—"John such a-one has had so and so—his debt is 8 l.—The articles which make up the sum are in themselves worth—let me see—intrinsically with about 19s 4d $\frac{1}{2}$ —We must have profit—besides | money—*really* does a soldier more harm than good—hence, we do them a piece of service. Is this honourable and just—does it imply a feeling heart—or does it not rather suggest the savage brutal barbarity of a human monster, who has never been out of the dread tracts of Southern Africa?—Eh?—what d'ye say?

CH A P. IX.

On Dock Yard Fires.

THIS is the third fire which has happened in the course of a few years
in

in the dock yard at Portsmouth: and altho' it be the evening of Sunday, I do not think I shall be evilly employed by writing what shall follow.

Fire in such case must be the result of one of the following causes:

1. Natural fire, arising from internal commotion and fermentation in mixt heaps of matter, which here cannot be the cause; but there is an experiment in natural philosophy which mimicks an earthquake—which may have been tried. It is this—sulphur and steel or iron filings mixed and buried in the earth, will in a few minutes take fire and explode—such a composition might have been put under hemp, &c.

2. Culinary fire left accidentally, and without design, in contact with inflammable and combustible bodies. This is very possible.

3. Com-

3. Combustible matter placed contiguous to combustible stores, which by design is set on fire; and the operator escapes. This appears to be the most probable cause, and I believe it to be a fact.

An operator in such a case I conjecture gains an immense fortune by his performance. He must be adroit, dexterous, ambidextrous, endued with finesse, legerdemain, sedition, high treason, perjury, murder, and every fashionable horrid vice which the heart of man has yet possessed, or will ever possess. His father is the devil, and he will enjoy eternally a pension and precedence in Hell—and so he is dead for ever and ever.

If I was a king who had dock yards, I would construct store-houses thus:

without design in contact with inflammable and combustible bodies. This is

very possible

Com

A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	I

Let the figure serve as an example for all stores. It is how I would have the rope house to be. A, is the whole length of the building where ropes are to be made—B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, are apartments into which stores are to be deposited: each may open into the long rope work house; and in that case, might have an iron door. The whole is made of stone or brick; and not an atom of wood should be admitted! First build an arch over a parallelogram of land of what length and breadth you please, and let the height of the arch be such as shall be necessary. The arch being formed, make a horizontal plane a-top of it, and build another arch upon this plane, of the same magnitude, &c. and elegance and utility may thus be combined.

The store houses in contact with the sides of the rope house are to be arched

in the same manner. Such a structure bids defiance to fire in whatever manner it may take place : and you may conceive such a building to be an oven ; for whatever is set fire to within it, will consume without injuring the building, and without communicating the devastation to contiguous store houses.

Thus infernal villainy, and the detestable principle of party malice will rage in vain, deprived of occasion to emit ignoble violence and base venom.

Again—let me say something about the way which may, and ought to be used to prevent the loss that may attend any local fire in a yard whose store houses are thus antiphlogistically and antidiabolically constructed.

Let there be erected a common cistern, which will hold a thousand or two of tuns of water, and let it be filled by forcing pumps where the natural source of

aqua is too low to supply the reservoir. Hang it! of what advantage is our advanced state of science, if we do not have recourse to it in cases of national welfare? On the top of every store-house let there be a concavity, whose immediate bottom is a strainer made of metal, as copper, iron, &c.—from each hole downwards, forming the outer circle in the strainer, a tube might be inserted in a divergent manner, and in such a direction as to point to the extreme parts of the floor underneath—the end of each tube might be also a convex strainer with 8 or 12 holes: and when fire is in a store house, let the concavity be supplied with water from the common reservoir. The water will then, in rising thro' the strainer, diverge itself so as to fall upon a large surface: and will, at least, contribute to lessen the violence of its inimicable element.

And pumps where the natural force

A common reservoir in a yard would also be attended with the particular utility of supplying engines at all times with water in a convenient manner.

The strainer should be covered with a lid that is water tight: and when the strainer is required to be in use, it may be opened with ease by machinery.

When a fire happens in any publick works, the confusion is so great, that much mischief is generally done. The overseers are often embarrassed; and the *Heads*, if their own houses are adjoining, will naturally think first of saving their own effects: they will say "charity begins at home;" or repeat some such stale and unpatriotic proverb: and in short, the labourers stand gazing with open mouth at the scene of ruin, not knowing how to act. Therefore, I think, there ought to be in a dock yard, as in a ship, a quar-

a quarter bill, dividing the whole number into distinct gangs, and each gang appointed to act at some particular work; over whom there should be a director impowered with authority to command, and endowed with judgment and invention to direct. Thus there would be nothing puzzling, and the whole conducted by method; without which, nothing succeeds well.

If tar barrels be without doors near the fire, it should by no means be started, but rolled away out of danger. I once heard of tar started in such a case — a most imprudent and villainous action.

Indeed all combustible bodies should be (each in its kind) put into separate and safe buildings, much apart from one another. And if the same rule was observed in all stores, where a fire did happen, the loss would not be so great, as when one large
house

house is on fire containing many and various articles.

N. B. The *store rooms* (in a man of war) of the boatswain and carpenter, are much more to be dreaded than even the powder magazine; because the asses commonly entrusted *there*, have just as much idea of the consequence of fire in a ship, and attend as little to the means of preventing it as this poker. I have just seized to rattle about the burning coals in the Bath stove. I am now sitting by.— There they'll enter with an *open* candle—snuff it and throw the meteor where gravity and—hand impulse may direct it—and damn their eyes (say they) they don't care.—B—g—r the ship I say they.—Great God! what a life!—how can human beings of *literature* be adequately rewarded for entering into it.

CHAP. X.

On Impressing, &c.

IT is said in England (and I believe in some other civilized & disciplined Kingdoms and Empires) that private interest must yield to public good. I admit the maxim to be in general (as things now are) just and reasonable. But where that private interest (the support of a poor family) must devote itself to the service of the nation, is it not as just and reasonable, that the state should then grant an Asylum to the wretched sufferers? I allude to the impressing of seamen into the royal navy. When an honest and industrious sailor is dragged from his home, from his dear wife and tender children, (for he has the *natural* feelings of another man) to go on board of a man
of

of war, to serve the king, to fight for his much loved country, and to hazard his life for the general welfare—in doing which he is killed—every feeling heart must acknowledge the proceeding to be hard and incompatible with the compassion and laudable sympathy of a Briton. No recompence is granted to the poor family—they beg, they starve, they become whores and thieves thro' necessity—yet, it is required they shall pay proportionate taxes.—Merciful God!—Why not grant a something for the support of this distressed family in the absence of the husband? And if this useful member of the community shall be killed in battle, leaving behind him a wife and four or five helpless babes, for God's sake let them never have occasion to call out, “My father was slain, fighting for his country.—We are hungry and have

“ no-

nothing to eat—*dry and have nothing to drink*—cold and wet but have no cloaths to defend us from the merciless winter. In such a case, let us but think on the heart-felt, the inward anguish of the afflicted, the despairing mother!

Some will say, the state is unable to enter into so expensive a charity. Is it? then how comes it, the same state is able to devote thousands to the most useless purposes? the support of luxury, of vanity, of pride, of false ambition, and of the ignoble pomp of gaudy asses.

In war time, why not take away all unnecessary pensions from all such figures (pensioners) who are already men of fortune? why not at least abridge them?

It would be a good scheme to oblige all grasping and scraping contractors and others of the like stamp, whose profits

may be reckoned one thousand per cent. to have their gain asserted: and then to pay so much (two thirds) into a fund for supporting the wives, the widows, the orphans, and (in some cases) the aged parents of that valuable body of men. —

I know some whose income may be reckoned 15 or 20 thousand pounds per annum. Good God! what a shame? Is it possible a human creature, as a M——r, or otherwise, should necessarily have occasion to squander away so much cash?

All usurers, brokers; and all professors of tragedy and horror and iniquity and infernality, should be served in a similar manner.

For this purpose, if a tax was laid on all ladies' head dresses above a certain altitude, I do think the consequent revenue would be amazing: and, I am sure the ladies, instead of diminishing, would most wil-

willingly encrease the nodding elegance, in order to convince the world, that the exuberant grandeur of the female *Tête* does not divert that lovely sympathy, that soft and amiable compassion which characterizes the angelic sex. Besides, by some such plan, our lovely English ladies would be rendered famous to posterity.

The other day, I overheard a venerable old seaman thus running over his history—Well—damn my eyes! this is likely to be the third war I shall have been in, Boy. I was wounded in 45 and 59—I own I got smart tickets—but, damn my eyes, the first night I went ashore, got groggy, and lost them: so you see, I got no smart money nor *pension*. I am now pressed: I have an old woman at home, with 5 young ones—God knows how they'll weather it. I don't care for myself—I can rough it—but——Here
the

the old man dropt a tear, and was silent. At last he proceeded thus — Dear, Tom, the worst of all is, we are snubbed and kickt about by a parcel of damn'd Inotty boys of midshipmen, and shitten ars'd puppies of lieutenants, who, damn my eyes! don't know a rope yarn from a prick of tobacco——if they do, I'm damn'd.

The other day it was “down yards “and topmastes”—I was in the main top, and some how I dropt my *Quid*: it fell upon a boy of a Lieutenant—he ordered me down, and struck me damnably, with a damn'd thing like a shepherd's crook serv'd with silver.—Ah! Tom, I have seen the day when Lieutenants—God bless their souls! would have given a man a damn'd stout cann of grogg, instead of a drubbing for such a thing:—if I had done it you see on purpose, it would have been

been a different case: but even then Tom, one would rather have a flogging at the gang-way, damn my eyes, than be struck by a stinking son of a bitch of a boy.

He next compared his case with the grievances the Americans supposed themselves to labour under—and gave his opinion to Tom politically, respecting the cause why this rebellion was created at home——

Damn these American B——rs, if they had half as much to complain of as we have, I'd give them credit d——n my eyes for their sauciness; but, blast them! they are a pack of scandalous, disloyal, and proud beggardly b——g——rs. No! Tom—for all this, I'll never be a rebel,—damn my eyes! here's a breast boy, that shall ne'er turn arse to it.—So damn and blast all cowards!—here goes, This damn'd American affair Tom between you
and

and me, has been made much worse by a set of sharkish b——rs in England, who aimed to *affright* the king, you see, for the sake of a damn'd lousy pension—There is one Doctor P. (I think they call him) damn his preaching eyes—There's a b——r for you! blast him say I—and all such hypocritical sons o'bitches, who write books to set people by the ears.—So here goes—Old England for ever!—Huzza! for a Spanish galoon!

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas there are numbers of astronomers, philosophers, *doctors*, politicians, logicians and metaphysicians—all critics—lurking about in the *retired* parts of this great metropolis: and whereas it is believed for the most part they live in sky-parlours, for the sake of quietness and light from above, where they are at present in great distress for want of some
of

of the *conveniencies* of life, by reason of their *doings* being dark and dry and withered; they are hereby advised to repair and enter on board of his Majesty's ships of the second and first rates, now about to fit out, where they will receive a royal bounty, plenty of victuals and drink; and above all, will never be at a loss for subject-matter for speculation and lucubration.

N. B. Lodging, fire and candle, gratis.

God save the KING.

CHAP. XI.

On Naval Surgeons.

THE Anglo Romans are famous for giving encouragement to science. They also, when men of letters, of arts and science, enter into the service of war, whether by sea or land, give ample provision

vision against the distress of humble situation, and its annexed poverty: howbeit, the remaining part of this chapter, I hope, will be read and attended to by all those, whose judgment, powers of invention and integrity, are relied on to invent the proper means of applying the public money.

I have just finished the perusal of ancient, profane and modern history, have turned over the buckram leaves of a venerable folio bound in wood, entitled, "Reason and justice," and have got by heart, the whole contents of a decent volume on commiseration, and the sympathetic feelings of the members of civil society, and conclude upon the whole, that the surgeons in the royal navy, are not requited neither as men who undergo horror and misery, nor as men of science and liberal profession, sufficiently

as reason and justice inculcate they ought to be—; which is a *long* sentence, and will seem rather confused to some, as to the arrangement of words; and to men in regard of sense: but, as I am not now writing to vulgar capacity, I don't care if its candidates are offended.

Surgeons (I don't say all surgeons, altho' I write for the whole) of the navy are a set of men who deserve the particular protection of the public; and I presume to advance, that when the members of state shall know, and take into *inward* consideration, the nature, utility and sufferings of naval surgeons, something may be instituted to render their situation more eligible and agreeable.

As an example, I will give you a case which will serve to illustrate the whole.

Having acquired as much scholastic knowledge as was thought sufficient, viz.

I

being

being skilled in english,—having learnt a little french and some latin, to enable him to dive (not deep, thank God, said he) into the ocean of ancient confusion, and the much to be admired brain flowers—faculty vapours, fables, *Jake--dus*, *vul-gus dicitur*—of our forefathers, he served an apprenticeship to a surgeon and apothecary; which is as much as to say,—having been at school long enough, he attended a medical academy, wherein he learnt the first principles of their grand, their ancient, their divine profession of all venerable arcana—the Alpha and Omega of science! Then, he went to the university, and studied methodically and scientifically;—insomuch, that he acquired the conscience of justly undertaking to prevent, to palliate, cure, and eradicate all diseases simple and compound, as far as mortal science and human understanding

derstanding will admit—which (again) is as much as if he had said,—by the above means he became—a clever fellow.

Being a younger son, all his fortune lay within his skull; which is however always attended with two advantages.

1. It is portable; being absolute levity:

2. It daily encreases—infomuch, that in the course of time, disdainning confinement, it bursts its boundaries, and evaporates like ether, leaving behind a *caput mortuum*.

Having elegantly and learnedly discussed the two advantages attending his fortune: he next proceeded to what follows:

I went to London, said he, and was examined in my abilities, by a set of learned, liberal and sympathetic gentlemen,

men, at their hall in the Old Bailey,—who qualified me to serve as surgeon's mate in the royal navy. I got a ship—went abroad three years—came home—got another: until I was not only tired of my situation, but even I may say, of life itself—Only think, said he, of a man of science cooped up in a birth not bigger than a centry-box, excluded from the joyous light of day, and the common fresh air, which is the lot of brutes when free from the oppression of civilized life—Think of him again, laying under gratings which formed his roof—upon which a pack of rascals (servants) used to mels; whence frequently issued dirty water down thro' various channels into my bed, and obliged me to turn out as wet as dung. Up I'd go, said he, threatening fracture and contusion to the first I met—but, never a one could ever be found; and

in

in the morning, it was always Mr. *Nobody* who did it. So that in such a case what could a man of mere science do, in cool blood? If he complains to the officer, surely, the officer will naturally laugh at the complaint of a man who he thinks is of no consequence--a poor surgeon's mate, despicable title for a man of letters!—Is it not?

Again, if he goes forward in a gale of wind to see sick men, death stares him in the face in more ways than one, and his whole self, or some of his members may be squeezed as flat as a pancake, by the percussio and repercussio of some huge object of gravity rolling and thumping from side to side, with noise and dread as ever entered into the head of De's Cartes. Having done his business, and gained his lone and filthy retreat, behold, he finds himself all bedaubed with
 slush,

flush, Burgoo, or the superficial pulp which encompasses a new boiled warm doeboy; with here and there upon his coat and vest, a yellow louse. He finds no comfort but in patience and the pleasing hopes which centre in a future harvest.

It is dinner time—he has no loblolly boy—and up he goes to the gally, and asks the cook for that piece of salt pork which he threw into the copper in the morning, to which was affixed his own tally with a rope yarn. He gets it, and away he goes with his humble dinner in a wooden dish, like an honest common tar: and many a sigh he fetches in the course of his jolted progression to his dismal hovel. Having no soul to attend him, our poor Hippocrates turns cook, scullion, shoe black, and performs the most menial offices which can be conceived

ceived in domestic matters, in order he may appear with decency upon the quarter deck—and still the old thought occurs, the old question self-put—Was this life invented by God or by man? If it is invented by God, I'll bear it like a man, like a philosopher, like a christian; but if it be the production, the result, the child of man's vanity and mad ambition, Oh! ——— I'll never bear it! Must the whim and caprice of a fellow creature, thus render my life obnoxious to the day, miserable, horrible, to myself, and even impious to the Deity, my merciful Creator! O ye gods, ye devils, ye kings, ye asses, what shall I do? Is there no peace, no comfort, no straggling ray of delight to cheer the drooping, the despairing son of Esculapius as thus he mournfully sits dejected. Speak! Oh—speak! —Oh!—*This, feeling*

ing hearts, is a specimen and true sketch of the state of a poor surgeon's mate. It is not always so bad; but for the most part, it is really so, and sometimes worse. Their situation will be rendered more or less disagreeable, according to the *characters* they sail with, as captains, lieutenants, and other their superior officers. For in the human race as in the brute kind—there is the gentle and the savage.

Well! having undergone the above gradation of misery, said he, I am at last made surgeon; and think I shall now be happy, by getting into the gun-room or ward-room mess, by being provided with a boy and cook. I find a great diminution to be sure, of the unavoidable horror and unpleasantness annexed to the seafaring-life: still, there are unavoidable evils—such as being under a necessity to associate with men devoid of every
charac-

characteristic principle of humanity, but that of the mere shape of body. It is often otherwise, and we happily meet with tempers and passions attuned in harmony, *when*, the time passes tolerably agreeably: but even then, to a man of letters, who wishes not to go to sleep the moment he has dined—to get drunk—to enter into obscurity and illiberal discourse, the uniformity of sameness tires his patience, staggers his philosophy—no variety—no new *liberal* scene, nothing to encourage the faculties to exert themselves—for melancholy predominates at sea, especially in the mind of science devoted to literature, and to the ways of men in society, on terra firma. Bon Dieu! it is dreadful.

The same thing over again for years: a war is, many men are dreadfully wounded in the ship of which he is surgeon—

he probes—he enlarges—he extracts—he amputates, &c. in short, performs the most distressing and affecting duty a mortal can be engaged in—or the human eye behold—and all this he does with cheerfulness; because, thinks he, was I not here, those men would die.

All this being over—the ship is paid off, and he receives part of what is called his pay.

It is said—Surgeons, in all rates, receive 5 l. per man, besides 2 d. from each man, per month; but people don't consider he must employ an Agent to pass his accounts and receive his pay, for which he pays him 2½ per cent., and for money advanced, which is generally the case, 5 per cent, &c. &c. &c. so that upon the whole he has to pay about 12 per cent. per ann.

That is not even the worst, the ship being paid off, he may go to the devil

born

and

and *starve*! He has no half pay. In fine, he is (to speak fine) nobody! However, being left to himself, he must adopt some method of gaining human subsistence. He turns medical pedlar, apothecary, country surgeon—any thing he gets practice—makes 200 a year. Another way is talked of—he is appointed to a ship, being upon the annual list for half pay, which he will have if he has served as surgeon 7 or 8 years. which half pay is not 50 l. He says to himself, They have appointed me to a ship—I am well settled in business—yet as mankind is liable to vicissitude, I may lose my practice by disease, by scandal, &c. I will take up my warrant and repair to the ship. I go to the ship, and the expence of travelling is 20 l. and I pay 20 l. more to form a mess. I am no sooner arrived, and settled on board, but the ship is ordered

dered to be paid off—owing to the laughable fickleness of beings on both sides not knowing their own resolution two minutes.

God help us—what silly beings we are ! So that a second time, said he, I am sent a packing to the devil, where I may beg, steal or starve : my practice is lost ; and I turn bankrupt and beggar——Huzza !

Now, I think, upon the whole, that it would not disgrace the British senate to take into serious consideration the fluctuating situation of his majesty's poor naval surgeons. If they do, I know it will be of great advantage to that useful body of men : and, I am sure no one, *in or out*, would disapprove of any plan which might place them in a more eligible, in a more liberal, and in more advantageous situation.

Lastly, He has an amiable wife, who

is the tender mother of five or six lovely children. The family is miserably dissolved, and all the sweet mutual ties of *extatic* Home are no more. The woman — horrid to conceive, is under the necessity of ————— as well perhaps as her daughters.

Besides, if some liberal and rationally consistent protection was given to his majesty's navy surgeons, we should then see men of decent rank and liberal education, come joyfully into the service; whereas now, there are on the surgeons' list, some of the poorest knuffs, and sauney faced boobies, that ever *pisht*.

CH A P. XII.

On What follows.

ON the evening of a late Sunday, I stepped into a church yard, *where* the grand solemnity and awfulness which
silently

silently reigns, filled my mind with holy and sacred reflections, and I felt a self-enjoyment greatly pleasing and unutterable. A corse was on the shoulders of men: there was a sad and doleful procession—and the whole stalked morbidly into the church, with dread and slow progression. The coffin was placed before the altar, and the curate mounted the rostrum, where he read the finishing service of mortals. There was an organ in the church, dated 1718, which I expected would have *pealed* the awful harmony of human exit: If it had, I should have been filled with heavenly delight; but instead of it, the poor clerk began to sing in such a jingling unapplicable strain, that he fairly banished all my grand feelings—and I went peevish out of the church, reflecting on the absurdity, the want of taste, and necessary aids to awaken

ken resignation in the breasts of the afflicted. What is more unutterably celestial than the sound of the well-tuned organ, sounding a sacred hymn? Nothing, which on earth is an object of the senses. Wherefore, I hope some addition may take place to the burial service—which will render dear to Devotion the name of its projector and inventor.

CHAP. XIII.

On War.

WAR is a pleasing thing—a pretty thing—a grand thing—a rousing thing—a——damn it. War!—war is the noblest work of God—by the Lord! Damn my blood, was it not for war, a man would sleep by G—d!

Now, there's a noble fellow at the head of the eh! you take me; and another damn'd fine Chap at the

yes,

yes, yes!—nothing like it—damn it! a man adopted the sweet doctrine of non-resistance, he need do nothing else but pocket affronts night and day. There are affronts of the morning; affronts of the evening, and affronts of the night; for as times go, a man is not safe even in bed with his wife—or his mistress—Villainy is triumphant, and corruption reigns—Huzza!

In my own family I have voted a yearly supply of 1000 l. for domestic occurrences only, during these five years last past: and what do you think? why—my steward has yesterday left my service, and is retired to his country seat, forthwith—where he keeps his *Vis a Vis*!—and, damn him! when he came into my house, he was not worth a suit of cloaths. I had just thought of opening a battery upon him, to force his lines, and secure his

his baggage, when on a sudden I fell asleep and dreamt as follows.

Surely there cannot be a greater burlesque upon an enlightened age than war.

In an enlightened age, nothing shews more the weakness, the nothingness of the human race, so much as war. How the Gods must smile at the folly of their creatures, when they see them in a morning killing one another by thousands!

Poor foolish mortals—I pity ye!

In a barbarous age, the wars which then took place, were the mere consequence of ignorance and barbarity—two principles (or non-principles) which rendered former times so famous. But now, we can boast of a Newton, a Locke, a Milton, a Shakespear, a Thomson, a Voltaire, one would think barbarity and savagery ought to be extinct; yet I find it increases in proportion to the advance-

ment of science—Strange inconsistency! My mind next entered into a state of methodizing, and proceeded as follows to define war,

1. War is the art of offence and defence.

2. War is the art of satisfying ambition.

3. War is the art of acquiring a great name.

4. War is the art of general rapine and theft.

5. War is the art of horror and devastation.

6. War is the art of destroying the human race.

7. War is the political art of murder.

8. And lastly—War is the grand art of bidding defiance to the laws of Omnipotence—consequently all those who are the first causes of war will go to hell, and

there

there burn eternally! Was I a king who had a minister that acted so as to give a nation just cause to make war with me, I'd suspend him by the neck, before a fine fire, and do him over with Kitchen stuff and salt butter, till his arse and guts were contracted and crisped up to a crackling. And thus—nay worse, would I punish all such as in the smallest degree even but hinted any remote tendency to produce a war. A fine thing! Indeed! a pack of rascals, and bloody-hearted brutes, met together in a close, plodding and scheming the murder of thousands, and the anguish of millions! I wonder what kind of a figure these geniuses would cut in the field of battle themselves—or, on the horrid *Wast* of Aroused ocean, when thunders roar and lightning tears the bursting atmosphere!—I fancy they'd soon be sick of it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

there is a king who
had a son, a son who
nation had come to make war with
I I followed him by the neck, bore
the fire, and so him over with a
staff and his bow, off his side and
were connected and curled up to a
cracking. And thus any work would
I push all such as in the British
even but I had not time to
produce a pack of
business, and I
and I found
and the argument of my hand I wonder
what kind of a figure that
would cut in the field of battle there
fists—on the hand of of
ocean, when the stars
tears the falling sun
should soon be sick of it

